

The SNOW BABY by EDGAR MACLANE



THE Judds lived in a little cottage at the very end of the town. Mr. Judd was a carpenter, and when he had plenty of work there were light and cheer and warmth in the home. But after he had fallen from a ladder and broken his leg hard times came to the family in the cottage, and the two little boys, Richard and Robin, whispered together that surely Santa Claus would not find them this year. In former years he had been good to the two little boys, but this year things would be different.

On Christmas eve, after the little boys had gone to bed, Mr. Judd whispered to his wife that Santa Claus might leave some nuts and candies for Richard and Robin and that he himself had whitened them two boats that were handsomer than those in the shops, and Mrs. Judd had boiled some molasses and made a big panful of walnut taffy from the store of black walnuts in the attic.

Just at that moment Mr. Judd saw a piece of paper pinned to Robin's stocking. It was written in the little lad's big round handwriting.

"What is that?" he asked, going to the mantelpiece.

"Robin's letter to Santa Claus. I haven't read it yet. What does it say?" asked Mrs. Judd as she cut the taffy into nice squares and prepared to wrap it in the waxed paper.

Mr. Judd read the paper, and his eyes twinkled. "He asks Santa Claus to bring him a little sister. He doesn't want anything else. He says he can be happy playing with her all the year around."

"The dear child!" sighed Mrs. Judd. "What is that?" they both spoke together, for from the porch outside they heard a funny little sound that sounded strangely like a baby's cry.

"It sounds like a baby," said Mr. Judd, going to the door and turning the knob quickly.

"It can't be!" said Mrs. Judd, following him.

When Mr. Judd opened the door the snowstorm tried to enter the warm room. The carpenter peered out into

the whiteness and then down and lifted something that was huddled against the door.

"It's a basket and there's a baby inside!" he cried as he closed the door and set the basket and its contents on the table.

Sure enough, in a nest of warm clean blankets was a six months old baby girl; blue eyed, golden haired, dimpled. Her clothes were coarse but clean, and pinned to her white frock was a note saying that the baby's mother was dead and that her father was going to a far country and made a present of her to the kindest people in the town he knew.

And there was some money in the envelope, all that the poor father could spare. It was very little.

"Shall we keep her?" asked Mr. Judd, for they were quite poor and his illness had brought many heavy bills to pay.

"She came to us," whispered Mrs. Judd as she hugged the baby they had found in the snow. "We can spare enough for her. And the boys will be so happy to have her!"

"That settles it!" said Mr. Judd, and he went up into the attic after the little cradle in which Richard and Robin used to sleep.

When Christmas morning dawned Richard and Robin crept out of bed and tiptoed into the sitting room. They always did this on Christmas morning so as not to awaken their parents.

It was barely daylight.

They could see their stockings hanging from the mantelpiece, and out of the tops were sticking two red painted sailboats just alike.

Besides the boats there were warm red mittens, knitted by loving fingers, and there were delicious walnut taffy wrapped in waxed paper and some red apples.

And just as they reached the red apples the little boys looked down and saw the old cradle with the snow baby's bright and blue eyes staring up at them.

How the cottage rang with their cries of joy! How they hugged the new baby sister, whom they thought Santa Claus had left at their door! But we all know that sometimes when Santa Claus is very busy he has to ask grownup folks to help him distribute the good things at Christmas tide since

we cannot get around to all the homes of all the good children in one evening without tiring his reindeer too much.

"Hurrah!" cried Richard and Robin, running to awaken their parents.

"Merry Christmas, father and mother! Come out and see the beautiful baby sister Santa Claus has brought us! Why, this is the best Christmas we ever had!"

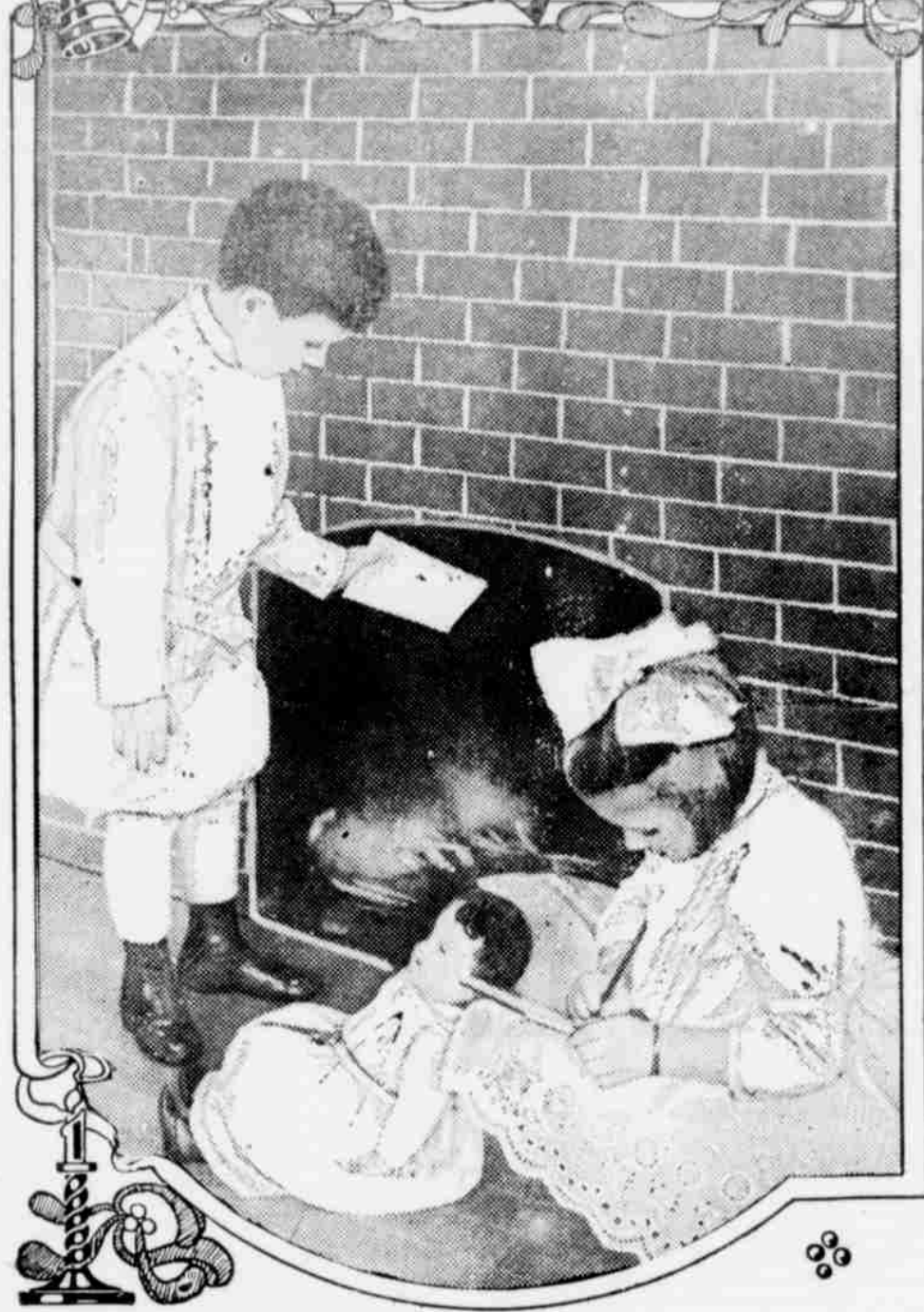
of course.

The original shamrock of Ireland has long been extinct. The plant called shamrock is the white clover.

In Days of Yore.

Daughter--When father was young, wasn't he more romantic? Mother--He was less rheumatic.--Judge.

Telling Santa What They Want



Happy Christmas

President Grant and His "Tribe" Enjoyed It In the White House

THE Christmas of 1869 found the happy, wide awake family of General Grant settled in the White House. It was just four score years on March 4 since Mrs. Washington was "executive mistress." During their eight years in the White House the Grants were counted an unusually happy home circle.

All their holidays were marked with simplest pleasures and unselfish charities. Mrs. Grant was very systematic in her charities. She made lists and distributed Christmas gifts with wisdom and good sense. There was no end of calls upon them soon after the war, and none went away empty.

In 1870 President Grant's father spent Christmas at the White House. The sons came home from college, and Nellie and her friends made the old house ring with good times. Mrs. Fremont gave them a dancing reception, and the sewing club of which Nellie was the president had a wonderful Christmas entertainment, furnished mostly from the White House.

General Grant, like General Sherman, had a great love for children and their pleasures. One Christmas the matinee was "The adventures and misadventures of Clown and Pantaloon in the wonderful pantomime of 'Jack and the Beanstalk,'" and the White House children were determined to go.

"Now, father, please," urged Nellie Grant, and "Yes, father, you promised us," said Jesse, and General Sherman said, "We'll go, all of us, and take the whole tribe."

And they did--uncles and cousins, several distinguished generals and the president. Officers of church and state were forgotten in the ridiculous pranks of "Jack and the Beanstalk." A great banquet was afterward served in the state dining room by the new steward, Melah. All the distinguished guests joined with the children in games and fun. There were music and promenades through the east room.

The Child Immortal.

On Mary's arm soft slept the child And dreaming still caressed The pillow of her snowy breast. And as he slept he smiled.

He slept and dreamed--he dreamed and smiled-- The centuries come and go. But still that bit of heaven we know--



"The Kind Mother Uses"

"Every time mother gets out Calumet I know there's going to be good things to eat at our house. Delicious, tender, tempting doughnuts, biscuits, cakes and pies! I've never seen a bake-day failure with Calumet. Mother says it's the only Baking Powder that assures uniform results."

Received Highest Awards New York World-Tribune--See Slip in Can and Can.



Cheap and big can Baking Powders do not save you money. Calumet does--it's Pure and far superior to sour milk and soda.

Keep Out of Debt.

Think not your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay.

Christmas Gifts that combine Beauty with Usefulness

SPLENDID VALUES AT SMALL COST

Our stock of modern, up-to-date Furniture was never more complete than at present, and we are prepared to offer you some astonishingly low prices for big values. We invite you to call and examine our line of BEDS, TABLES, CHINA CLOSETS, COUCHES, and all kinds of Rockers

Best make of GO - CARTS on the market.



Make the Baby Happy

We make a Specialty of

RUGS

CARPETS

LINOLEUMS

AND ALL KINDS OF

FLOOR COVERINGS.



Beds that are not only good but are ornamental, and will add a charm to any guest room. We carry a splendid line of Springs and Mattresses.

See our line of MORRIS CHAIRS

A fine line of

Princess Dressers

TABLES



of Every Description and Price.

Make your Selections now when the stock is large, and have the goods delivered when you desire

FURNITURE

Lake & Son,

PAW PAW, MICH.

UNDERTAKING